

NOVEMBER No. 19

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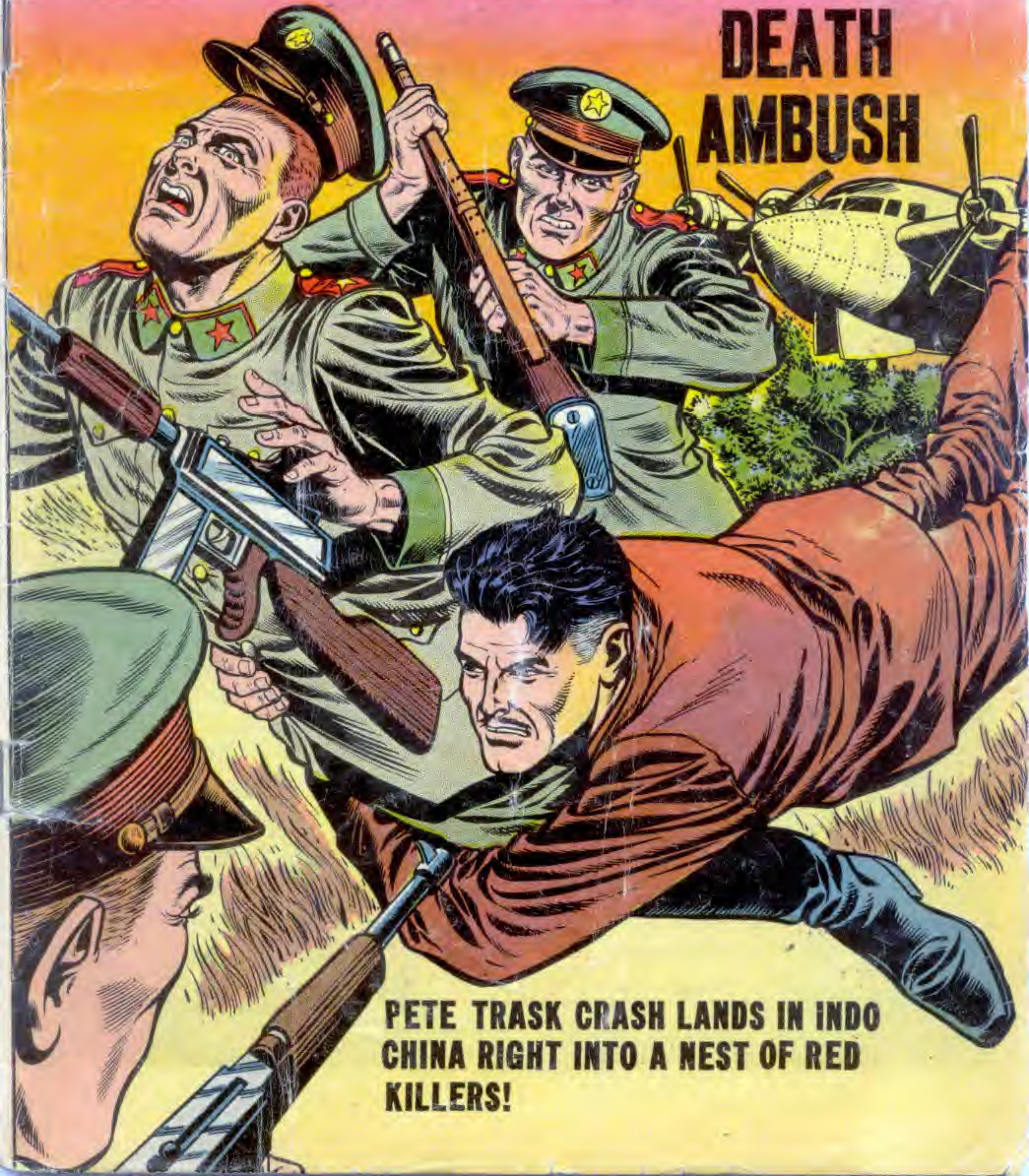


T-MAN

AFC

WORLD WIDE TROUBLE-SHOOTER

**DEATH
AMBUSH**



**PETE TRASK CRASH LANDS IN INDO
CHINA RIGHT INTO A NEST OF RED
KILLERS!**

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BOB HOPE,
currently appearing
in "Casanova's Big Night,"
a Paramount picture,
color by Technicolor.

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Amateurs Only! Our students not eligible. Make copy of Bob Hope 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by Sept. 30, 1954. None returned. Winners notified.

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Please enter my attached drawing in your Bob Hope contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____ AGE _____
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T-MAN

IT SEEMED LIKE AN IMPOSSIBLE ASSIGNMENT! PETE TRASK, THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT'S CRACK AGENT HAD TO FIND THREE MEN WHOSE IDENTITY AND WHEREABOUTS IN TURKEY WERE *UNKNOWN*! TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE THE REDS HAD SENT THEIR TOP TRIGGERMAN TO LOCATE... AND ANNIHILATE... THE TRIO! THE T-MAN MET HIS MOST FORMIDABLE FOE TO DATE AS HE MATCHED BRAINS AGAINST BRAWN WHILE BATTLING...

MOSCOW'S MERCHANT of MURDER



AT SOVIET RUSSIA'S NOTORIOUS SLAVE LABOR CAMP IN THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS TENSE INMATES WAITED ANXIOUSLY FOR A CLOUD TO BLOT OUT A FULL MOON!

IN ANOTHER FEW MOMENTS IT WILL BE TIME! REMEMBER---THE TURKISH BORDER IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!

ONE OF US MUST GET THROUGH! THE FREE WORLD *MUST* KNOW OF THE COMMUNIST ACTIVITIES HERE AT THIS SECRET BASE!



NOW! RUSH THE GUARDS--- TEAR DOWN THE GATE THAT TYRANNY BUILT!

FREEDOM--- OR DEATH!



WITH VENGEANCE IN THEIR HEARTS AND FREEDOM IN THEIR THOUGHTS THE INMATES STORMED THE GATES IN WAVE AFTER WAVE!

YAAAAA!

KILL! KILL THE COMMUNIST SWINE!

RATARATARARATA!



BUT HUMAN FLESH IS NO MATCH FOR THE DEATH STINGING PELLETS OF LEAD ---IT WAS A WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER!

THAT IS THE LAST OF THEM! CLOSE THE GATE! I WANT A PRISONER CHECK AT ONCE! WE MUST BE SURE NONE OF THE PIGS ESCAPED!



SHORTLY...

WE HAVE COUNTED THE CORPSES AND REMAINING PRISONERS, SIR! WE ARE THREE SHORT!

CONFOUND IT! IF THOSE THREE MEN MAKE THE BORDER OUR GREATEST SECRET WILL BE REVEALED TO OUR CAPITALISTIC ENEMIES! THEY MUST BE STOPPED AT ALL COST--- BUT WHO IS CAPABLE OF THE JOB?



OF COURSE... HEINDRICH VON ACKHEIM! HE IS CONSIDERED THE GREATEST AGENT IN THE NKVD EMPLOY! I WILL CONTACT THEM AT ONCE AND REQUEST HIS SERVICES!



WITHIN A MATTER OF HOURS THE SINISTER VON ACKHEIM RECEIVED HIS ORDERS!

THESE ARE THE THREE ESCAPED PRISONERS...STUDY THEIR FACES WELL! OUR TROOPS WILL SEEK THEM OUT ON THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER! YOU, VON ACKHEIM, ARE TO GO TO TURKEY UNDER A FORGED PASSPORT!



SHOULD ANY OF THE TRIO MANAGE TO ELUDE US IT WILL BE UP TO YOU TO PREVENT THEM FROM MAKING...ER... DANGEROUS CONTACTS!



DO NOT WORRY, COMMANDER! I HAVE HAD EXCELLENT EXPERIENCE IN SILENCING THE LIPS OF SUCH BABBLING FOOLS UNDER HITLER!

GOOD! OUR UNDERGROUND AGENTS IN TURKEY HAVE ORDERS TO ASSIST YOU IN EVERY WAY, VON ACKHEIM! GOOD LUCK!

I DO NOT REQUIRE LUCK WITH MY METHODS, COMMANDER! I TRACK MY VICTIMS AND DEAL WITH THEM ACCORDINGLY! IT IS THAT SIMPLE!



MEANWHILE, IN ISTANBUL, TURKEY, T-MAN PETE TRASK'S VACATION WAS CUT SHORT BY AN URGENT CALL FROM THE AMERICAN EMBASSY!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WHAT YOU TOLD ME OVER THE PHONE, SIR! I THOUGHT THE RUSSIANS EXECUTED THAT BUTCHER VON ACKHEIM WHEN THEY CAPTURED HIM IN BERLIN IN '45!

THAT'S WHAT THE COMMIES LED THE WORLD TO BELIEVE, PETE! BUT ACTUALLY THEY SENT HIM TO MOSCOW TO WORK WITH THE NKVD! SIT DOWN AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S ON THE FIRE!



AFTER PETE WAS BRIEFED---

AND YOU SAY UNDERGROUND INTELLIGENCE REPORTS THE REDS HAVE SENT VON ACKHEIM TO TURKEY TO MURDER THE THREE MEN IF THEY SHOULD MANAGE TO CROSS THE BORDER!

THAT'S RIGHT, PETE! NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU A FILM ON VON ACKHEIM! IT MAY COME IN HANDY WHEN YOU START MATCHING WITS WITH THAT CHARACTER!



NO WONDER THEY CALLED HIM A BUTCHER! I'D LIKE TO WRAP MY KNUCKLES AROUND THAT FAT FACE OF HIS! HAVE YOU GOT A CLOSEUP OF HIM, MR. AMBASSADOR?

NO...HIS FACE HAS NEVER BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED!



THE ONLY IDENTIFICATION WE HAVE ON VON ACKHEIM IS HIS RIGHT HAND! HIS INDEX FINGER IS MISSING AT THE FIRST JOINT... AND HIS WRIST BEARS THE FAMILIAR SS TATTOO!

THAT WON'T BE EASY TO SPOT! JUST WHAT IS MY ASSIGNMENT?



WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THE THREE MEN WHO ESCAPED CAN GIVE US VALUABLE INFORMATION ABOUT THE RUSSIANS, PETE! YOU'RE TO GO TO TRABZON, A SEAPORT TOWN NEAR THE BORDER!



THAT'S THE LOGICAL PLACE THEY'LL SEEK SAFETY! FIND THOSE MEN AND BRING THEM BACK ALIVE, PETE!

THAT SHOULD BE SIMPLE! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LOCATE THREE MEN WHOM I DON'T KNOW AND KEEP THE COMMIE'S ACE MURDER MAN FROM FILLING THEM FULL OF HOLES! I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!



NEXT DAY, IN TRABZON, AS PETE LEFT HIS HOTEL TO MAKE A ROUTINE CHECK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

TAXI, SIR? I KNOW THE STREETS OF TRABZON WELL!

NO THANKS! I'M JUST GOING AROUND THE CORNER!



PLEASE, MR. TRASK... STEP INTO THE CAR AND DO NOT ASK QUESTIONS! WE ARE UNDER OBSERVATION! I AM DUMONT... ONE OF THE PRISONERS WHO ESCAPED!

G-GREAT SCOTT! THIS IS A STROKE OF LUCK!



HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME? YOUR FRIENDS... DID THEY MAKE IT?

I CALLED YOUR EMBASSY IN ISTANBUL! THEY TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING! FRANISLAUS AND BOLOVICH ARE BOTH HERE IN TOWN! WE WILL TALK MORE WHEN IT IS SAFE!



SUDDENLY, AS THE FRIGHTENED DUMONT MOVED ABOUT THE CAR...

THAT SEDAN... SPEEDING DOWN THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET... THERE'S A GUN BARREL STICKING OUT THE WINDOW! DUMONT! TAKE COVER!

H-HUH?



RATARATARARATA!

THAT GUNMAN IN THE BLACK COAT AND HAT... CHANCES ARE IT'S THE INFAMOUS VON ACKHEIM!

YAAAAAA!



IN A FLEETING INSTANT IT WAS OVER...AND PETE TRASK STOOD HELPLESSLY BY AS A MAN DIED!

T-TOO LATE...FOR ME...
SAVE FRANISLAUS...
21 VOLGT STREET...
NUMBER 6... O-OH!

HE'S...DEAD!
NOTHING I CAN DO FOR
HIM NOW! BUT PERHAPS
I CAN SAVE HIS FRIEND!



T-MAN TRASK ARRIVED AT 21 VOLGT STREET NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!

GREAT THUNDER! VON ACKHEIM'S
MURDER CAR... HE'S BEATEN ME
HERE! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE
TO SAVE FRANISLAUS!



IT'S...
VON ACKHEIM!
HE'S GOT
FRANISLAUS!

NO! NO! DON'T
TAKE ME BACK TO
RUSSIA! PLEASE...
PLEASE!



WHAT! WHO
ARE YOU,
MEDDLER?

THE NAME IS TRASK!
AMERICAN T-MAN!
I'LL GIVE YOU MY
CALLING CARD WHEN
I GET MY MITTS ON
YOU, BUTCHER!
YOU'RE NOT TAKING
THAT POOR DEVIL
ANYWHERE!



VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST! I'LL
TURN HIM OVER TO YOU, TRASK!

ARGH...



HIS FOUL TONGUE WILL
REVEAL NO SECRETS TO
YOU NOW, TRASK!

HE... BLASTED HIM IN
COLD BLOOD! HOW ROTTEN
CAN A HUMAN GET?



LATER, THE ANGERED TRASK CAME TO A GRIM CONCLUSION!

THAT MURDERING FIEND HAS KILLED TWO OF THE THREE
PRISONERS NOW! I ONLY HAVE ONE MORE CHANCE TO
BEAT HIM OUT! SOMEHOW...SOMEWAY I'VE GOT TO
CONTACT THIS MAN BOLOVICH BEFORE VON ACKHEIM
DOES! BUT HOW?



MEANWHILE, AT A RED CELL HEAD-QUARTERS IN TRABZON!

YOU ARE STILL THE GREAT ONE, VON ACKHEIM! TWO OF THE SWINE ESCAPEES ALREADY DONE TO DEATH BY YOUR SKILL AND MIGHT! THIS THIRD ONE, BOLOVICH, SHOULD CAUSE YOU LITTLE TROUBLE, EH?

YOU ARE THINKING A FOOL'S THOUGHTS, DARSHA! IF JUST THIS ONE DOG ELUDES ME IT IS AS BAD AS IF I HAD STOPPED NONE OF THEM!

B-BUT YOU ARE SO MANY TIMES MORE CLEVER THAN THEY! YOU HAVE NEVER FAILED ON A MISSION! ALREADY YOU HAVE OUTWITTED THIS TRASK AGENT!

YES, AND THE REASON I HAVE NEVER LOST A MISSION IS THAT I DO NOT TAKE THINGS FOR GRANTED! OVER-CONFIDENCE IS A WEAKNESS I CAN NOT AFFORD! BOTH BOLOVICH AND TRASK ARE CLEVER MEN!

HOWEVER, THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE TO TRICK AN ENEMY! BOLOVICH WILL REALIZE THAT OUR AGENTS COVER EACH EMBASSY WAITING TO ASSASSINATE HIM! HE WILL SEEK HELP FROM TRASK... AND WHEN HE DOES I SHALL BE READY FOR THEM BOTH!



TWENTY FOUR HOURS LATER, A ROCK HURTLED THROUGH THE WINDOW OF PETE TRASK'S HOTEL ROOM!

BOLOVICH'S SAFEST DIRECTION OF ESCAPE WOULD BE IN THIS DIRECTION... WHA?



THEN, AS THE STARTLED T-MAN ANXIOUSLY READ THE NOTE!

THANK HEAVENS! HE'S MADE IT TO ME!

I know you as a friend to my cause. I dare not walk the streets. Meet me at the fountain of flowers, ten P.M.!
Bolovich



TEN O'CLOCK... TRASK WAITED SILENTLY IN THE SHADOWS UNTIL...

TRASK? TRASK, IS IT YOU?

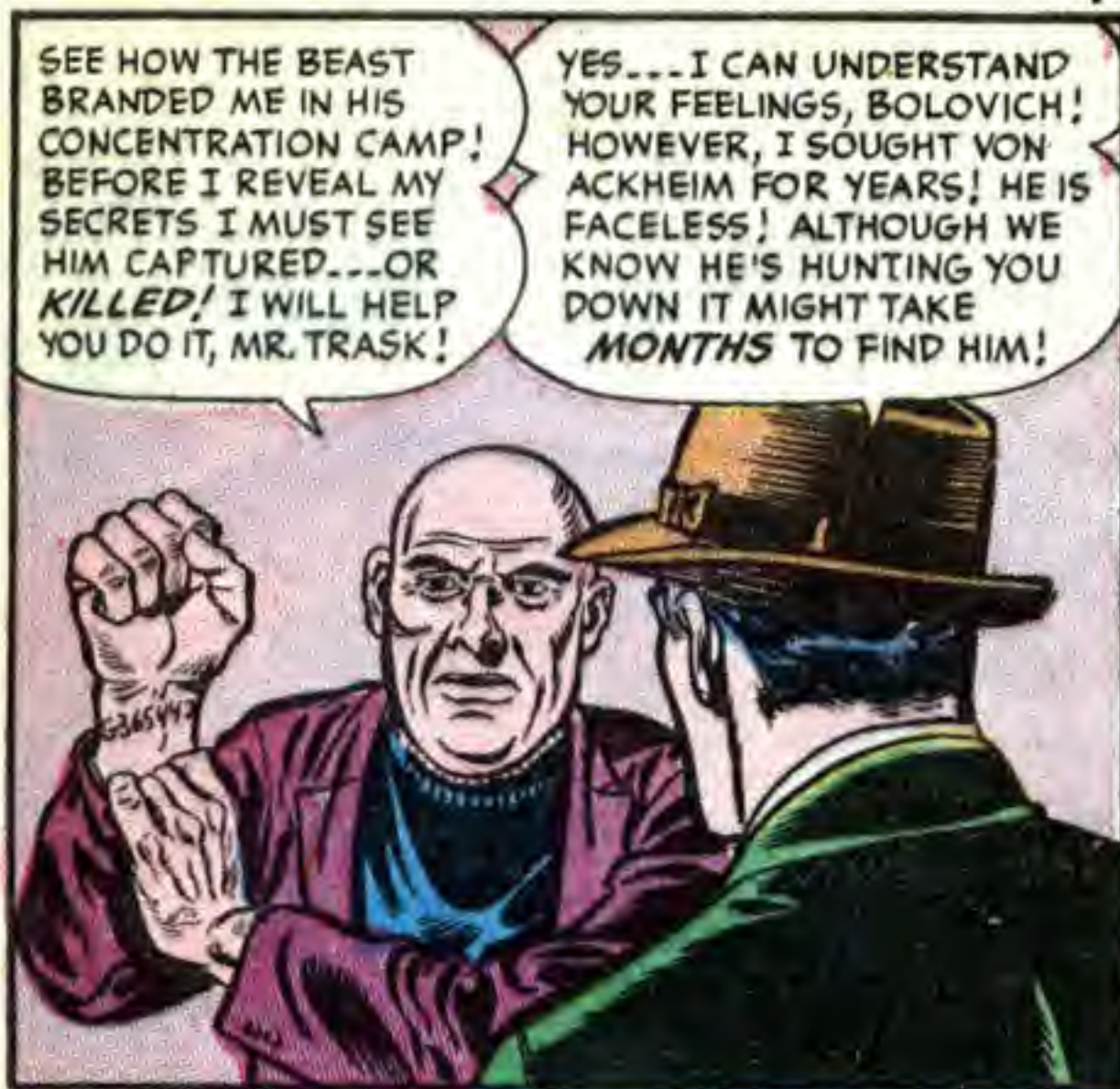
YES, YES! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, BOLOVICH, WE ARE ALONE!



RELAX, BOLOVICH, YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE ESCORTED SAFELY TO THE PROPER OFFICIALS IN ISTANBUL!

WAIT, MR. TRASK! SO LONG AS THE FIEND, HEINDRICH VON ACKHEIM, IS FREE I SHALL NEVER BE SAFE!





SEE HOW THE BEAST
BRANDED ME IN HIS
CONCENTRATION CAMP!
BEFORE I REVEAL MY
SECRETS I MUST SEE
HIM CAPTURED...OR
KILLED! I WILL HELP
YOU DO IT, MR. TRASK!

YES...I CAN UNDERSTAND
YOUR FEELINGS, BOLOVICH!
HOWEVER, I SOUGHT VON
ACKHEIM FOR YEARS! HE IS
FACELESS! ALTHOUGH WE
KNOW HE'S HUNTING YOU
DOWN IT MIGHT TAKE
MONTHS TO FIND HIM!



NOT WITH *THIS*,
MR. TRASK! A
PICTURE OF VON
ACKHEIM I
SMUGGLED OVER
THE BORDER
WITH ME!

GREAT CAESAR! WE'VE BEEN TRYING
TO FIND A PHOTO OF THAT MONSTER
FOR YEARS! BOLOVICH, WE'RE IN
BUSINESS! C'MON, I'LL BUY YOU A
MEAL AND A CIGAR AND WE'LL
MAKE PLANS!

**AFTERWARD, TRASK MOVED WITH THE
FRENZIED, FRIGHTENED RED VICTIM
TO A WATERFRONT CAFE!**



I WANT TO EMBLAZON
THIS FACE IN MY MIND,
BOLOVICH! SOMEWHERE,
OUT THERE IN THE
STREETS OF TRABZON,
THIS MAN IS SEEKING
YOU!

YES, YES!
SOONER OR
LATER WE
SHALL
SEE HIM!
WITH YOU,
MR. TRASK,
I SHALL
NOT BE AFRAID!

FINE! LET'S GET STARTED,
BOLOVICH... **OOPS!**
THAT CIGAR'S
BURNING YOUR
FINGER!



OH!
I... WAS
SO EXCITED
I DID NOT
EVEN
NOTICE!

**HOUR AFTER HOUR THE PAIR SEARCHED
THE STREETS, THE CAFES, EACH RENDEZ-
VOUS IN TRABZON!**



AH, I AM WEARY,
MR. TRASK! PER-
HAPS IT IS BEST WE
SLEEP BEFORE
CONTINUING!
PERHAPS... I
COULD STAY AT
YOUR HOTEL!

SURE THING,
BOLOVICH! WE'LL
STICK CLOSE
LIKE SIAMESE
TWINS UNTIL
THIS MESS IS
STRAIGHTENED
OUT! LET'S HEAD
BACK TO MY HOTEL!

**SUDDENLY, AS THE TWO MEN APPROACHED TRASK'S
HOTEL...**



**TRASK!
THERE... UNDER THE
LIGHT! IT IS...
VON ACKHEIM!**

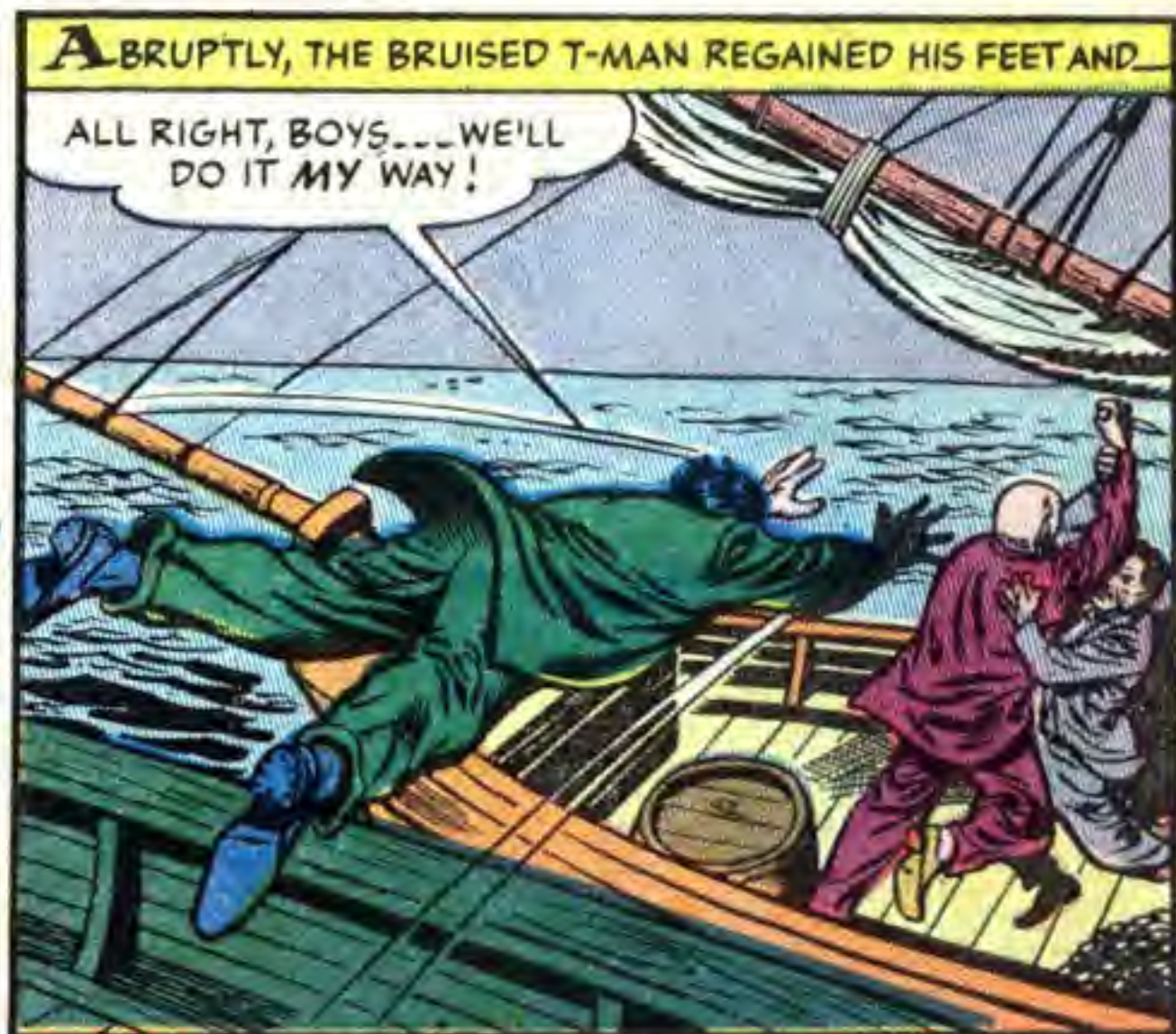
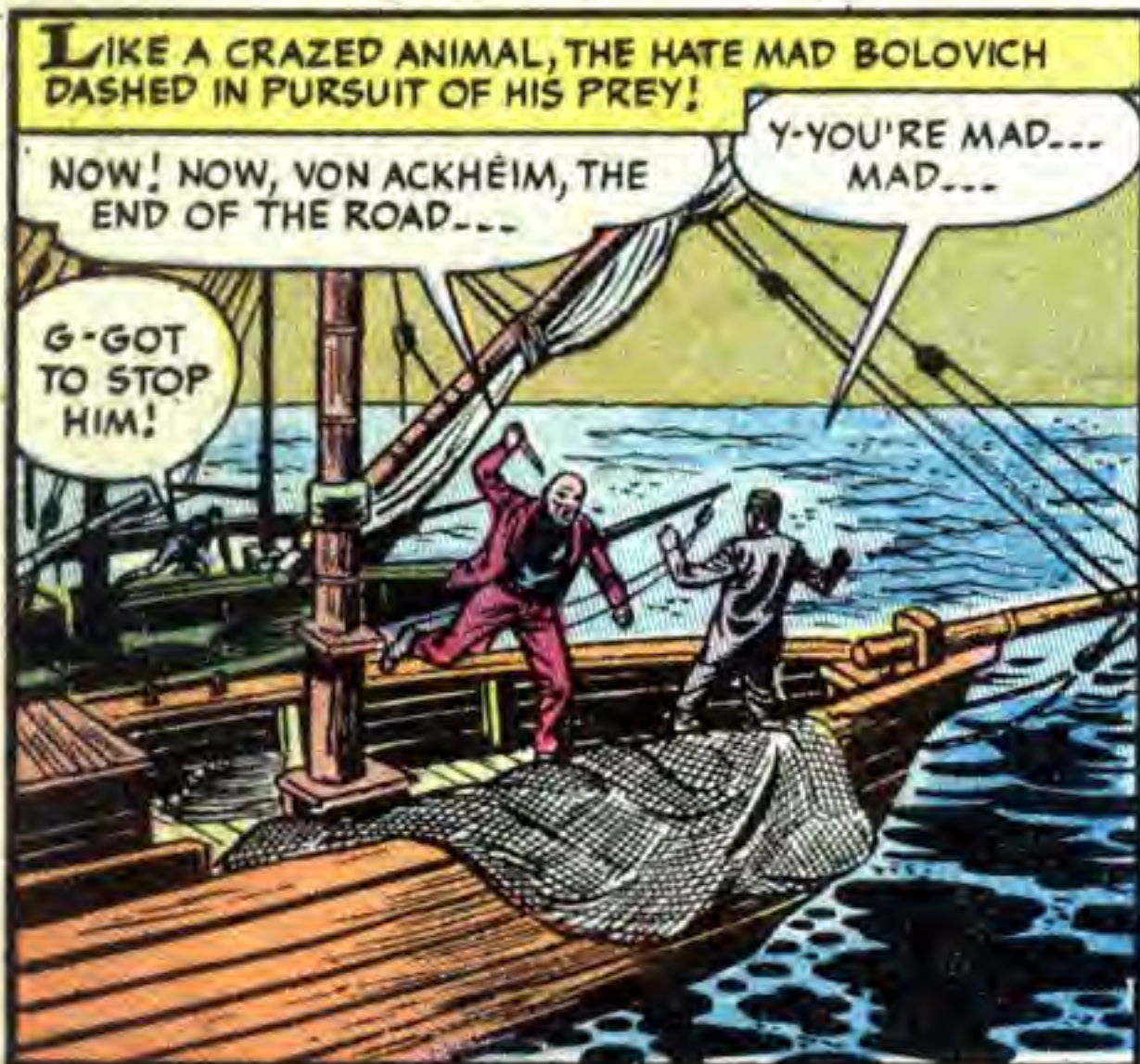
**SUFFERING HANNAH!
YOU'RE RIGHT, BOLOVICH!
THAT'S THE FACE IN THE
PHOTO!**

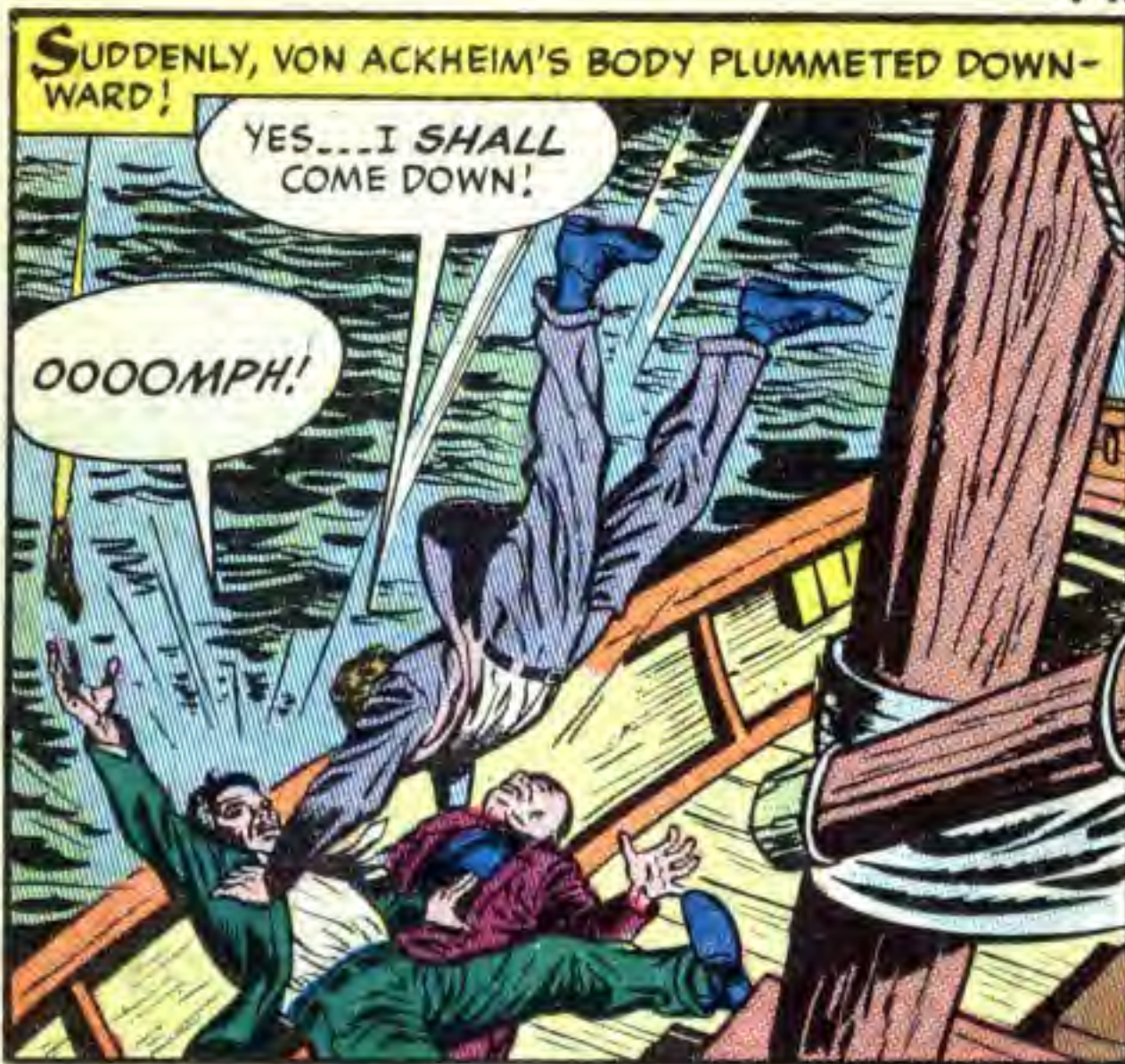


**HA! YOU INHUMAN BUTCHER! YOU
RUN BECAUSE I HAVE ONE AS STRONG
AS YOU WITH ME, EH! STAND... STAND
SO THAT I CAN SLASH YOU TO RIBBONS!**

GREAT
CATS! HE'S
INSANE WITH
ANGER!

STEADY,
BOLOVICH,
STEADY!







VON ACKHEIM!
OOPS... GOT
COMPANY!



HOW DID THEY GET HERE SO FAST?
HOW COULD THEY KNOW VON
ACKHEIM WOULD BE CHASED
HERE?



QUICKLY, THE BESIEGED T-MAN
REGAINED HIS FEET AND RUSHED
FORWARD! THEN...

HMM, THERE
IS VON ACKHEIM'S HAND! SOME-
THING'S CRAZY HERE... BUT CAN'T
LET THEM SIDE-TRACK ME FROM
VON ACKHEIM... G-GREAT SCOTT!



WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN?
OF COURSE! IT ALL MAKES
SENSE NOW! NO WONDER
MY FRIEND WENT
"KILL CRAZY"!

MR. TRASK... HAVE YOU
FOUND HIM?
--- TOGETHER WE
SHALL CATCH HIM, MR.
TRASK!



ABRUPTLY, TRASK'S FIST LASHED OUT AT THE WOULD BE
ASSASSIN BEFORE HIM!

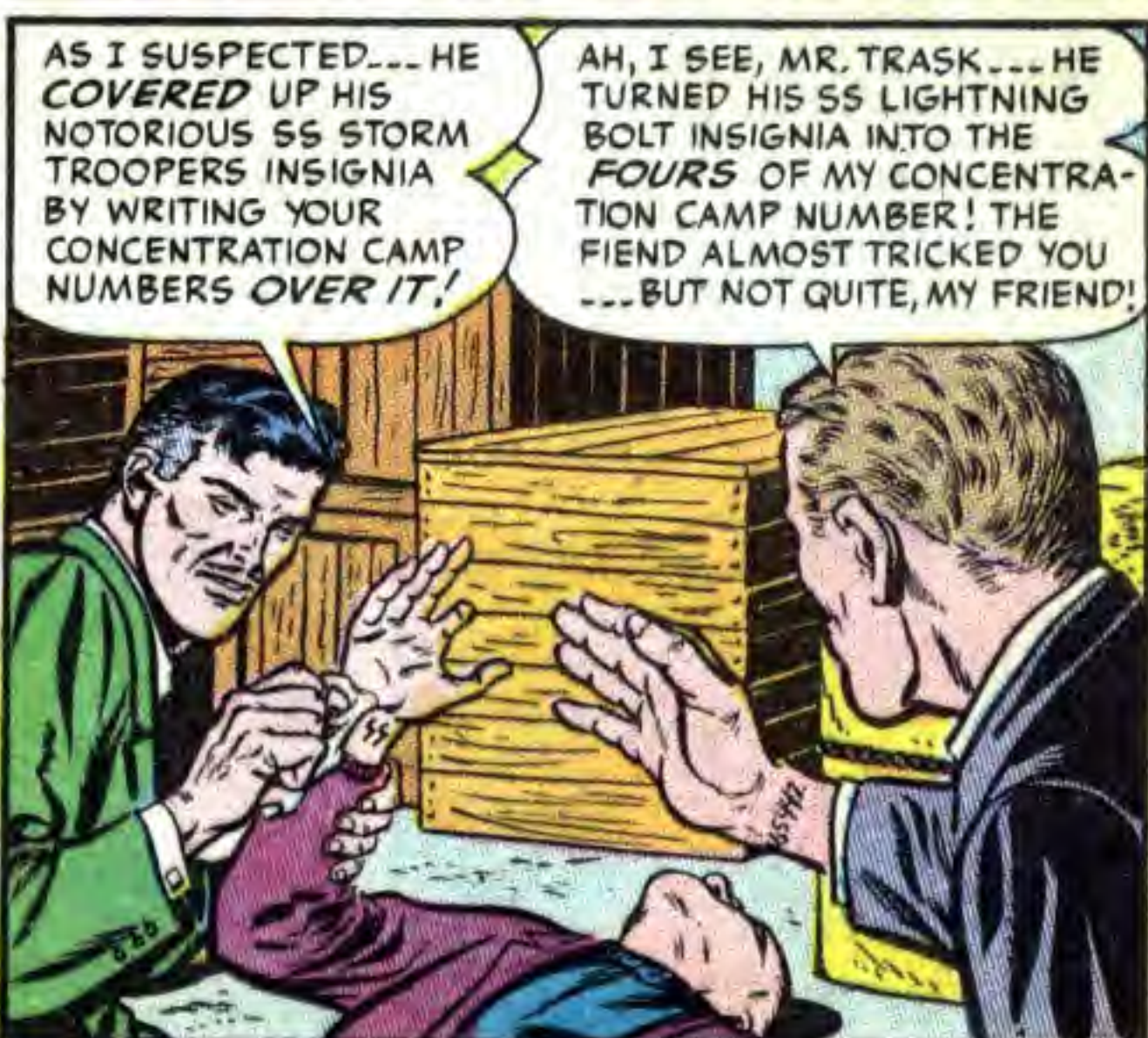
YOU BET, PAL! YOU'VE GIVEN
ME ALL THE HELP I NEED... HEINDRICH VON ACKHEIM-
BOLOVICH! BOLOVICH! THIS IS A U.S. T-MAN! I
WAS TRICKED INTO ATTACKING YOU! THE REAL VON
ACKHEIM IS DONE
FOR!



AND AS THE REAL BOLOVICH CAME FORWARD...

T-THEY TRICKED
YOU INTO THINK-
ING I WAS VON
ACKHEIM! I-I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE A SPY!

YES, BOLOVICH, I WAS TRICKED
UNTIL I SAW YOUR FINGERS
CLUTCHING THE FLOORING! YOU
HAD ALL FINGERS AND THE REAL
VON ACKHEIM WAS MISSING AN
INDEX FINGER JOINT! THEN... IT
MADE SENSE WHY I SAW A CIGAR
BURNING THIS CHARACTER WITH-
OUT HIM FEELING IT! SEE... A
PLASTIC FINGER JOINT!



AS I SUSPECTED... HE
COVERED UP HIS
NOTORIOUS SS STORM
TROOPERS INSIGNIA
BY WRITING YOUR
CONCENTRATION CAMP
NUMBERS OVER IT!

AH, I SEE, MR. TRASK... HE
TURNED HIS SS LIGHTNING
BOLT INSIGNIA INTO THE
FOURS OF MY CONCENTRA-
TION CAMP NUMBER! THE
FIEND ALMOST TRICKED YOU
--- BUT NOT QUITE, MY FRIEND!



FREE!

WHILE THEY LAST!

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The BIG FRAME-UP

SOME CROOKS ARE INCURABLE! NOT EVEN A PRISON SENTENCE FORCES THEM TO THINK STRAIGHT--FOR THEY'D RATHER GO CROOKED! KIDDO TOLAND WAS LIKE THAT! HE WANTED TO BE A BIG SHOT AGAIN--AND LEFT HIMSELF WIDE OPEN FOR SMART OPERATORS TO USE HIM FOR A SUCKER!



ON JUNE 25, 1951, THE NARCOTICS BUREAU ENFORCEMENT DIVISION OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT, RAIDED A DOPE GANG STOREHOUSE...

BLASTED T-MEN! ALMOST HAD US THAT TIME!

YEAH! CLOSE CALL! THEY'RE HOT ON US! WE GOTTA GET 'EM OFF OUR NECKS OR WE GO OUTA BUSINESS!



YEAH, NICK-- BUT IF WE COULD GIVE THEM T-MEN A FALSE LEAD FOR AWHILE, WE'D HAVE TIME ENOUGH TO MAKE A BIG PILE AN' RETIRE!



HMM! I GOT AN IDEA! COPPERS FIGURE THAT WHEN A GANG BOSS DIES, THE GANG USUALLY BREAKS UP-- SO LET'S GIVE 'EM A BOSS!

BUT WE AIN'T GOT NO BOSS! WE SPLIT THE TAKE EQUAL!

SURE, APE-- BUT WHEN WE RETIRE THE T-MEN HAVE GOTTA THINK IT'S BECAUSE OUR GANG BOSS HAD DIED! WHAT WE NEED NOW IS A FALL GUY!



THEY SOON FOUND THEIR PATSY IN NEAL "KIDDO" TOLAND, RECENTLY RELEASED FROM PRISON AFTER SERVING TEN YEARS...



C'MON, BARKÉEP... WHEN I WAS A BIG WHEEL IN THIS TOWN YOU WERE GLAD TO GIVE ME DRINKS ON THE HOUSE!

G'WAN, BUM! YOU'RE TEN YEARS LATE! YOU'RE A HAS-BEEN!



THAT'S HIM... HE'S PERFECT FOR A SETUP!

SURE! HE USED TO BE A TOP GUY IN THE DOPE RACKET UNTIL THE T-MEN PUT HIM AWAY! HE'S MADE TO ORDER FOR US! C'MON!



THAT BARKEEP'S GOT A SHORT MEMORY, KIDDO! BUT NOT US! WE AIN'T FORGETTING HOW YOU ONCE RAN THIS TOWN!

Y'KNOW, KIDDO, WE COULD USE A MAN WITH YOUR TALENT!



WE'D BE HONORED IF YOU TOOK US OVER! WE NEED A SMART OPERATOR TO BE OUR BOSS!

¡AHÉM! SURE, BOYS--COUNT ME IN! ¡AHÉM! I'LL ORGANIZE A SETUP THAT'LL REALLY PAY OFF IN BIG MONEY!



KIDDO TOLAND SWAGGERED OFF, UNAWARE OF THE GUFFAWS BEHIND HIS BACK!

HA! HA! THE SUCKER! NOW WE GOTTA WORK IT SO THAT WE MAKE HIM BELIEVE HE'S ACTUALLY WORKING OUR DOPE DISTRIBUTION!

YEAH! JUST A COUPLE OF BIG DEALS, AND WE LEAVE HIM HOLDING THE BAG!



SHORTLY AFTER, WEARING MASKS, THE TRIO RAIDED THE STORE-ROOMS OF RIVAL DOPE PEDDLERS...

HOLD IT, CHUMPS! OUR BOSS FIGURES YOU OUGHTA MAKE US A PRESENT OF WHAT YOU GOT STASHED HERE!

SURE! KIDDO'S GONNA GET TOP PRICES FOR THE STUFF!



SHADDUP, BLABBER-MOUTH!

CHEE, I'M SORRY! I--I DIDN'T MEAN TO SPILL IT!

SO... KIDDO TOLAND IS THEIR BOSS! I'LL GET HIM FOR THIS!

THIS WAS THEIR STRATEGY --TO DELIBERATELY LET SLIP KIDDO'S NAME AT EACH DOPE HIJACK! SOON, KIDDO WAS WATCHED BY GANGLAND... AND THE T-MEN!

WELL, NEVINS, THE TIPSTERS WERE RIGHT! KIDDO'S REALLY MOVIN' IN!

MUST BE! WHERE ELSE WOULD HE GET THAT MONEY?



THE PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF THE HIJACKED DOPE RAN INTO VERY BIG MONEY, AND TWO NIGHTS LATER...

THERE'S THREE HUNDRED GRAND HERE...ONE HUNDRED GRAND FOR EACH OF US!

YOU FORGET HOW TO ADD, NICK? THERE'S ME, THAT MAKES FOUR OF US!



WE'RE SUBTRACTING YOU, KIDDO! YOU'RE OUT...ALL THE WAY!

YOU'RE BATTY OR SOMETHIN'! I GIVE THE ORDERS HERE! I'M BOSS!



SHADDUP, STUPE! AIN'T YOU WISE YET! YOU'VE BEEN HAD, YA DUMB JERK!



LATER, KIDDO'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY WAS PLACED IN A VEHICLE AND SENT HURTLING OVER A PRECIPICE!

SO LONG, CHUMP!

WHEN THE T-MEN FIND HIS BODY, THEY'LL FIGURE ONE OF THE HIJACKED PEDDLERS GOT KIDDO!



NOW THE HEAT'S OFF US! THE T-MEN WILL THINK THE BIG DOPE RING BOSS IS DEAD!

WE'LL DRIVE BACK TO THE HIDEOUT IN MY ROADSTER AND CELEBRATE, RIGHT, GUYS?

YEAH!

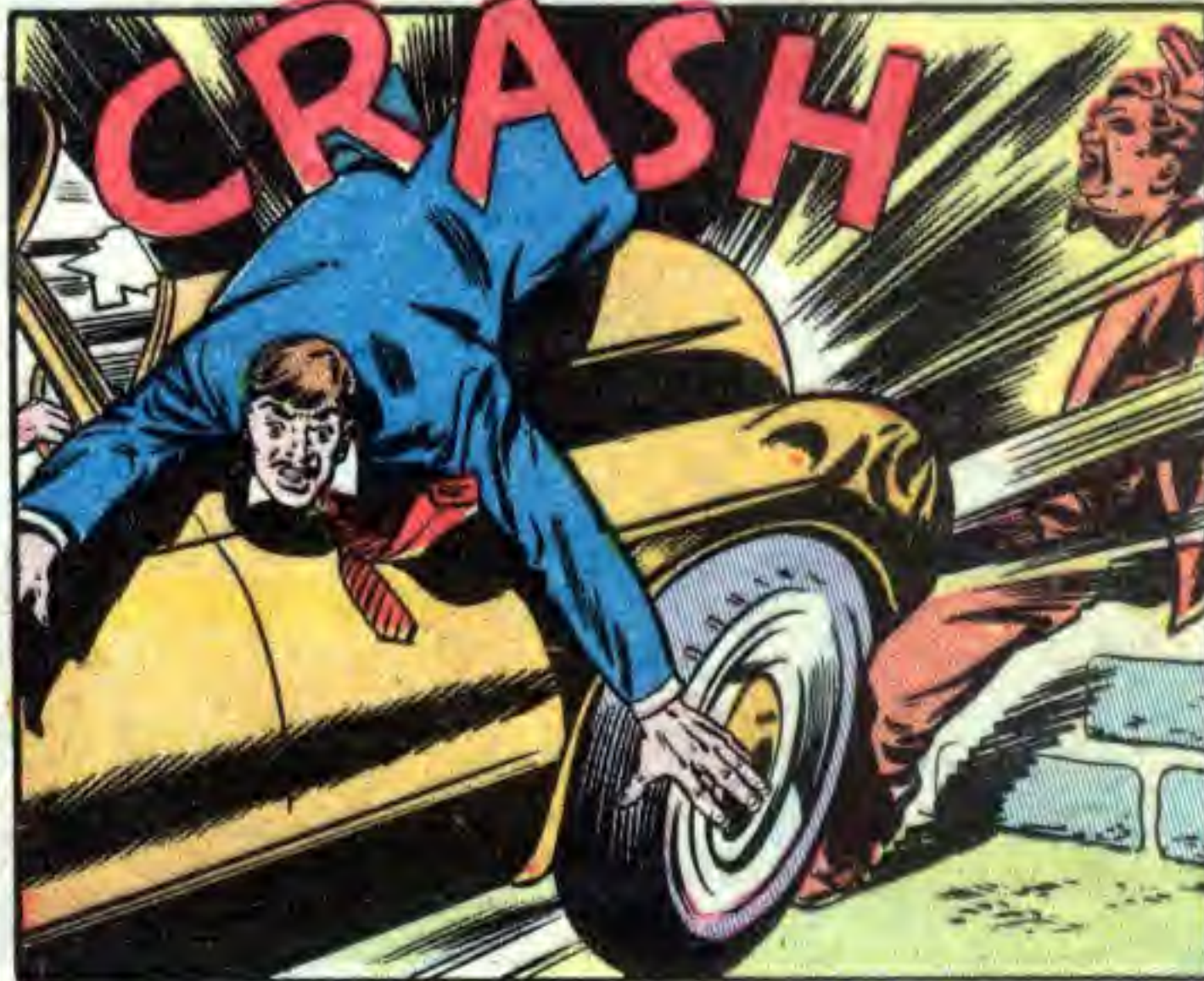


AFTER SOME DRINKS, SOME LAUGHS ABOUT KIDDO, AND SOME TALK OF FUTURE PLANS...

HEY! WHERE'S MY CAR? I HAD IT PARKED RIGHT HERE! I'M POSITIVE!

DON'T BE SO POSITIVE, NICK! A GUY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE!





T-MAN

BODYGUARD TO AN INVENTION, THAT WAS THE TRICKY ASSIGNMENT HANDED TO TROUBLE SHOOTER T-MAN, PETE TRASK! AND IN HIS USUAL COURAGEOUS WAY, TRASK COMPLETED HIS MISSION THOUGH TORTURE AND PERIL AWAITED HIM AT THE END OF A RED INDO-CHINESE...

DEATH AMBUSH!



ONE COLD MORNING, T-MAN PETE TRASK STOOD ON AN AIRFIELD, TENSE AS HE WAS BRIEFED FOR HIS LATEST ASSIGNMENT!

HERE IT IS, PETE! THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENT IN RADAR-BOMBSIGHTS!

LOOKS LIKE JUST A JUNKED RADIO SET TO ME! BUT I'M TO ACCOMPANY THE BOMBSIGHT AND A TECHNICIAN TO FRENCH INDO-CHINA, EH, CHIEF?



RIGHT! COLONEL DOBBS IS THE TECHNICIAN WHO'LL EXPLAIN HOW IT WORKS TO THE FRENCH GENERAL... AND IT'LL BE USED IN A TEST AGAINST THE RED REBELS!

HMM! THAT REALLY MAKES IT TOP-SECRET STUFF!



SHORTLY AFTER... THE FLIGHT INTO DANGER BEGAN!

PILOT, ANY CHANCE WE MIGHT RUN INTO AN ENEMY FLIGHT PATROL?

NO! I'VE SET A COURSE THAT WILL BY-PASS ALL ENEMY HELD TERRITORY!



HOURS LATER OVER INDO-CHINA... OMINOUS SIGNS OF IMPENDING PERIL!

UH-OH! TROUBLE COMING! STORM CLOUDS FORMING! IT'S GOING TO BREAK ANY MINUTE!



YOW! LOOK AT THOSE LIGHTNING BOLTS!

I'VE SEEN TROPICAL STORMS BEFORE, BUT THIS ONE BEATS THEM ALL!



FOR ONE LONG HOUR, THE ARMY PLANE BORED ON INTO THE TEETH OF THE STORM, AND THEN SUDDENLY THE SKIES CLEARED!

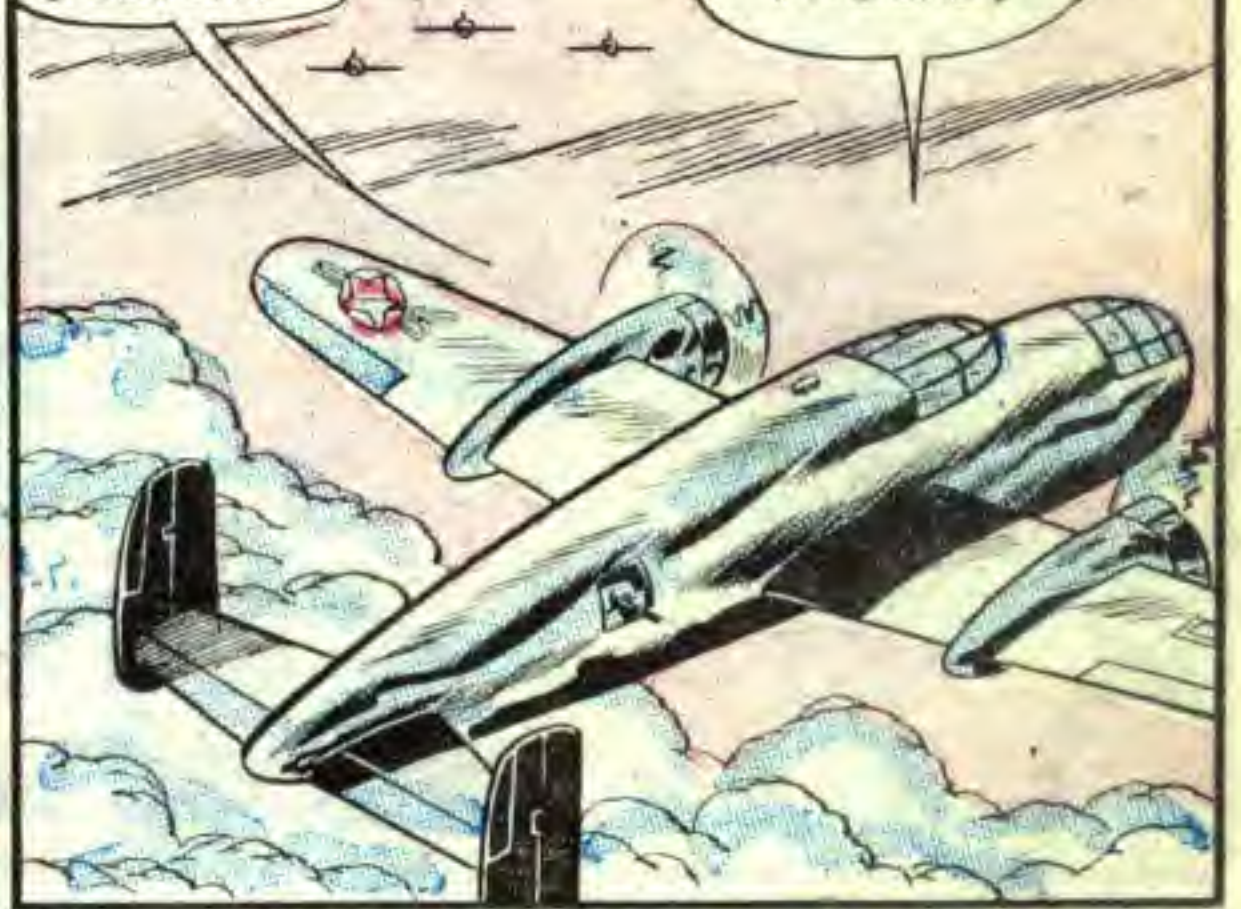
WE CAME THROUGH OKAY!

I'M NOT SO SURE! THAT MAGNETIC STORM THREW OUR COMPASS OUT OF WHACK! I'VE A HUNCH WE'RE WAY OFF OUR COURSE!



WE'RE OVER RED TERRITORY! LOOK... RED BANDITS... COMING IN AT TEN O'CLOCK!

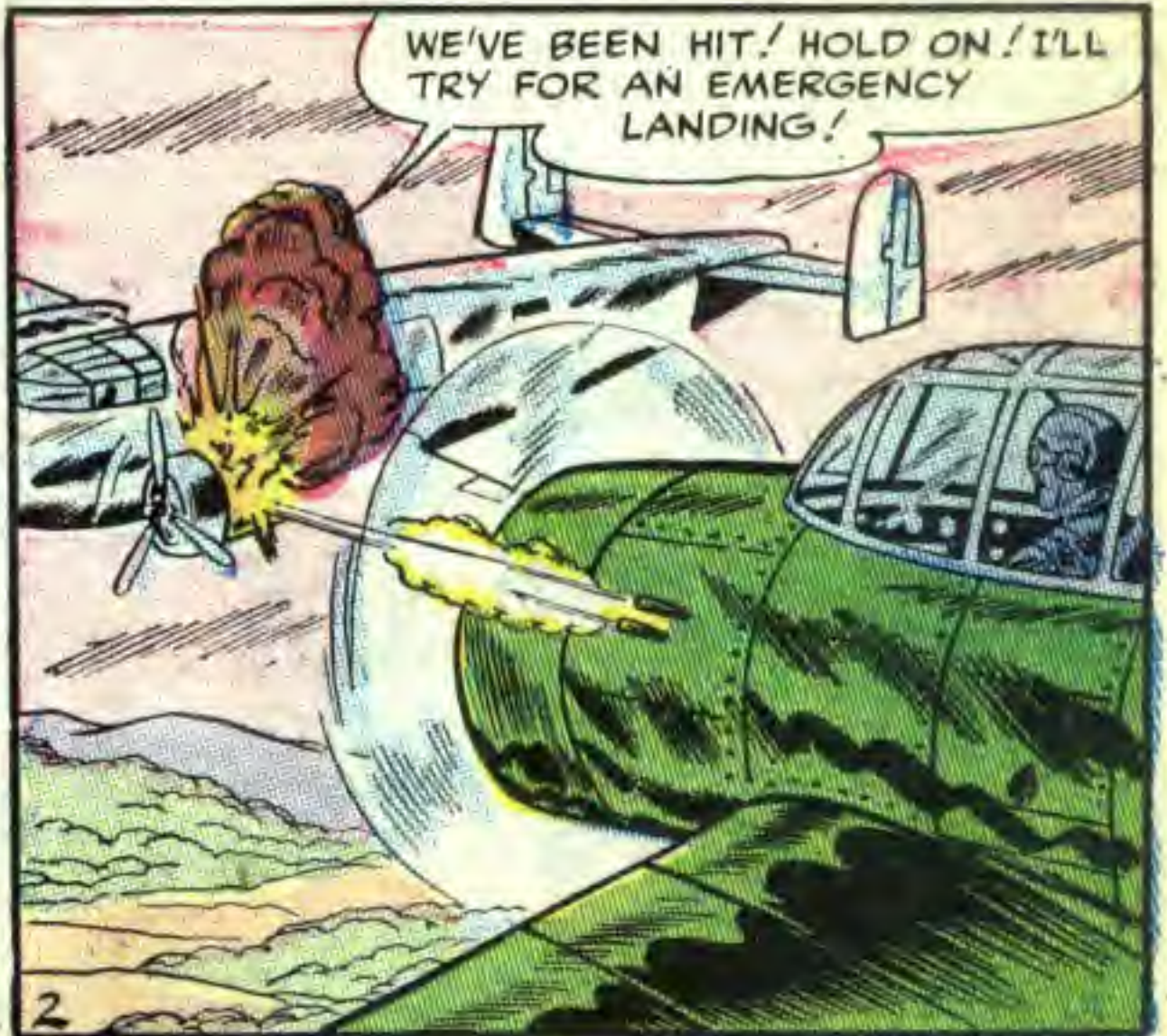
TRASK! COLONEL! GET AT THOSE M-GUNS!

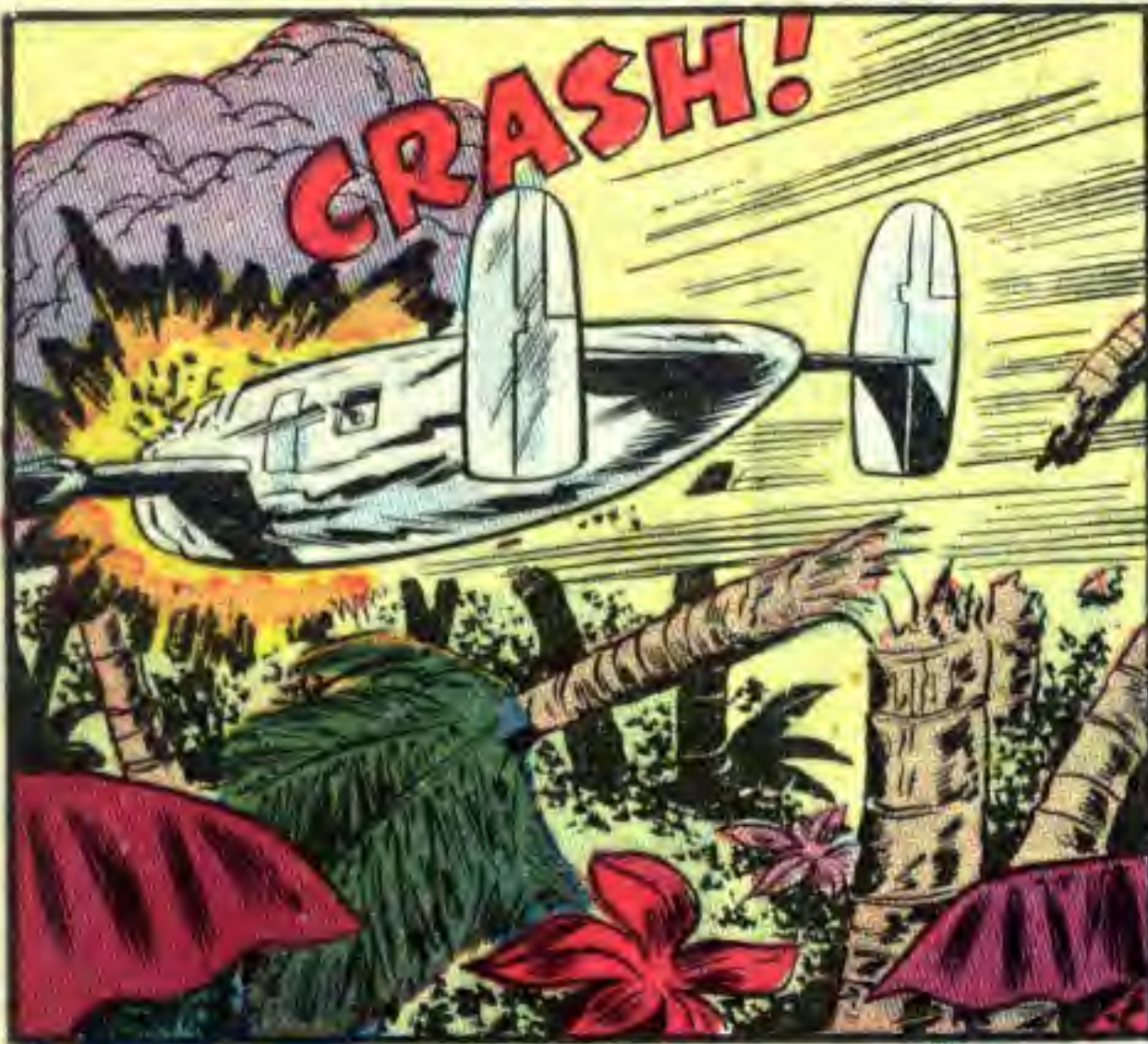


GOT ONE!



WE'VE BEEN HIT! HOLD ON! I'LL TRY FOR AN EMERGENCY LANDING!





I'M OKAY... AND SO'S THE BOMBSIGHT! HOW ABOUT YOU, COLONEL?

YES... BUT THOSE BRAVE MEN UP FRONT GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THIS INVENTION! THEY MANEUVERED THE CRASH SO WE'D BE SPARED!



TRASK! THERE'S A RED PATROL COMING! WE'LL HAVE TO SMASH THE BOMBSIGHT! WE MUSTN'T LET THEM GET IT!

NO, COLONEL, I THINK I CAN HIDE THE INVENTION WHERE THEY'LL NEVER LOOK FOR IT!



AS RED SOLDIERS SWARMED OVER THE AMERICANS WHO GAVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES!

CAPITALIST DOGS!

SEIZE THEM!

WE'LL GET A FEW POKES IN BEFORE YOU TAKE US, COMRADES!



SO... PETE TRASK! THIS IS AN UN-EXPECTED SURPRISE!

WELL - WELL! GENERAL ZUBOV! THE LAST TIME WE HAD A TUG-OF-WAR WAS IN POLAND IN '49!



I GO WHEREVER MY COMRADES WORK TO MAKE ANOTHER RUSSIAN VICTORY! AND YOU, TRASK... YOURS MUST BE AN IMPORTANT MISSION TO INVOLVE AMERICA'S TOP AGENT!



YOU'LL TELL US, TRASK... BECAUSE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER I MEAN TO BEAT THE SECRET OUT OF YOU!



GENERAL ZUBOV WAS WRONG! PETE TRASK'S DEFIANT, LION-HEARTED COURAGE COULD NOT BE WEAKENED!

WHY ARE YOU HERE? TALK! TALK!

IT'S NO USE! HE'S A STUBBORN DOG! GET THE OTHER AMERICAN!



IT BEGAN AGAIN... THE METHODICAL, BRUTAL SMASH OF KNOTTED FIST ON FLESH!

YOU FOOL! TELL US YOUR MISSION NOW AND AVOID FURTHER PUNISHMENT!

DO YOUR WORST! I... WON'T... TALK!

ATTABOY, DOBBS! YOU'RE A GUY WITH GUTS!



HE IS UN-CONSCIOUS AGAIN, GENERAL!

BAH! THESE AMERICANS! ALWAYS SO OBSTINATE! THEY MAKE THINGS SO DIFFICULT FOR US!



BUT, THE BEATING HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL... AND WHILE IN A TEMPORARY COMA, THE VALIANT COLONEL DOBBS UNKNOWINGLY MUMBLES HIS INNER-MOST FEAR...

THE NEW BOMBSIGHT... MUSTN'T TELL THEM... BOMBSIGHT... KEEP HIDING PLACE FROM THEM...

LISTEN TO WHAT HE SAYS IN HIS DELIRIUM... AHA!



HE'S OUT AGAIN! HE WON'T COME TO AGAIN FOR AWHILE!

A NEW BOMBSIGHT, EH? WE'LL TORTURE THE SECRET HIDING PLACE OUT OF THEM YET! GUARD... WATCH THEM! IF THE COLONEL SHOULD BABBLE AGAIN, YOU LISTEN!



LATER...

ZUBOV WILL USE EVERY HELLISH TORTURE TO GET THE INFORMATION! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE OUR BREAK NOW! BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



BOMBSIGHT... HIDING PLACE... IF THEY ONLY KNEW...

AH! NOW THE OTHER ONE IS BEGINNING TO BABBLE! I MUST BEND CLOSER-- HEAR EVERY WORD...



IT'S A TOSS-UP AS TO WHICH IS HARDER...MY HEAD OR YOUR CHIN!

UHHH!



HEY, COLONEL! WAKE UP! SOON AS I CUT THESE ROPES WE'RE GOING TO TRAVEL! YOU OKAY NOW?

SURE... JUST A LITTLE GROGGY-- BUT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



SOON AFTER... WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT BOMBSIGHT FIRST! AFTER THAT... WHO KNOWS?



STILL HERE! LIKE I FIGURED, THEY THOUGHT IT WAS PART OF THE WRECKED CONTROLS! THEY NEVER EVEN NOTICED IT!

WHAT A "HIDING" PLACE! IT WAS RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM ALL THE TIME!



LOOK, TRASK! RED ARMY SUPPLY TRUCKS MOVING OUT! THEY MUST BE HEADED FOR A COMBAT ZONE!

COME ON! THERE'S OUR TRANSPORTATION!



THERE'S THE TRUCK WE WANT... THE LAST ONE IN LINE! WE CAN GRAB IT WITHOUT THE TRUCKERS IN FRONT SPOTTING US!



BOTH OF YOU JUST LOST YOUR DRIVERS' LICENSES!





LOOK AT THE CARGO IT'S HAULING! GASOLINE DRUMS!

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! IT'S CRAZY... SO CRAZY IT MIGHT EVEN WORK!



MOMENTS LATER, THE COM-MANDEERED TRUCK SWINGS OUT PAST THE CONVOY!

DRIVER! HAVE YOU GONE INSANE? STOP THAT TRUCK! THAT'S AN ORDER!

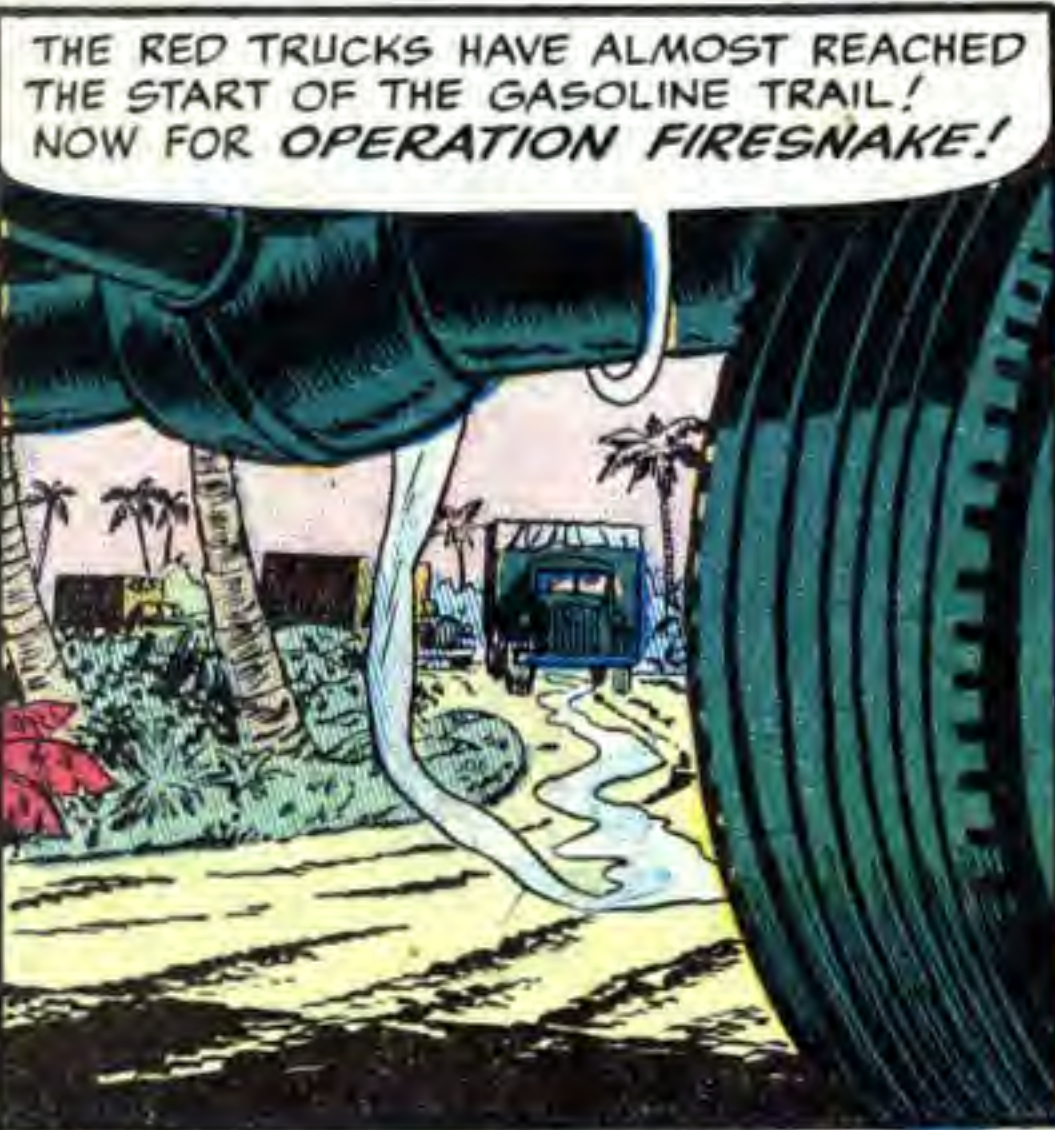
SORRY, MISTER! I DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM THE UNIFORM YOU'RE WEARING!



HOW'RE WE DOING, PETE?

OKAY, COLONEL! WE'RE OUT FAR ENOUGH!

CAREFULLY, THE T-MAN HELD THE DRUM SO THAT GASOLINE SPILLED OUT ONTO THE HIGHWAY IN AN EVER LENGTHENING LINE...



THE RED TRUCKS HAVE ALMOST REACHED THE START OF THE GASOLINE TRAIL! NOW FOR OPERATION FIRESNAKE!



A MOMENT LATER...TRASK STRUCK A MATCH AND FLIPPED THE FLARING TAPER AT THE GASOLINE TRAIL!



INSTANTLY, A SNAKY LINE OF FIRE HISSED OVER THE HIGHWAY AND BACK TOWARD THE PURSUING TRUCKS!



AIEEE!

FIRE!

OUT! GET OUT OF THE TRUCKS!

EVERY-BODY OUT!

LATER, WEARING THE UNIFORMS OF UNCONSCIOUS RED TRUCK DRIVERS, THE AMERICANS WALKED INTO A RED COMBAT AREA...

YOU MEN! WHO ARE YOU?

PRIVATES TRASKOV AND DOBBSOV! THIS BOX CONTAINS AN INVENTION TAKEN FROM AMERICAN AGENTS! WE HAVE ORDERS TO FLY IT TO MOSCOW FOR ANALYSIS!

SUDDENLY... GENERAL ZUBOV CALLING, SIR! WE ARE ORDERED TO WATCH OUT FOR TWO AMERICAN AGENTS! ONE IS CARRYING A NEW TYPE BOMBSIGHT!

UH-OH! THIS IS WHAT WE WERE AFRAID OF!

WHATEVER HAPPENS, DOBBS... DON'T LET THEM GET THE BOX HOLDING THE INVENTION!

PETE! I'VE DROPPED THE BOX!

WE'VE GOT OUR LIVES TO THINK OF NOW! LET IT GO!

INSTANTLY, ALL EYES ARE DIVERTED FROM THE AMERICANS TOWARD THE FALLEN BOX!

THE COWARDLY FOOLS! NEVER MIND THEM! GET THE BOX! THE PRECIOUS INVENTION IS INSIDE!

WHA...AT? IT CONTAINS NOTHING BUT ROCKS... TWIGGS!

WHILE HIGH ABOVE, FLYING TOWARD THE FRENCH LINES...

TRASK, THE ARMY COULD USE A MAN LIKE YOU! WITH YOUR KNOW-HOW YOU'D PROBABLY BE A FOUR-STAR GENERAL IN SIX MONTHS!

NOTHING LIKE THE OLD SWITCH STUNT WHEN YOU FIGURE YOU MIGHT RUN INTO TROUBLE, EH, COLONEL?

TOP SECRET

LEE McCARTHY was a week-end geologist. He was a quiet little guy who liked to pack up his car and drive off into the lonely mountains, pitch a tent and spend two days roaming through the towering peaks, looking for rock formations. The ever-present hope of a gold strike or an uranium deposit lurked in his mind, but Lee was a dreamer and so when he explained his hopes to the boys at the local Geologists' Club, he got a big laugh and a pat on the back. Nobody ever took Lee seriously.

Lee took himself seriously, however, and when he stumbled into that sky-high area that set his Geiger counter to clicking like a trio of castanets, he began digging and chopping at the rocky earth in a surge of excitement. Lee spent the entire afternoon at his work and that night, he was too exhausted to return to his camp. He wandered to a spot where the Geiger counter calmed down to a normal pace and collapsed in a deep sleep beside his fire. He had meant to wake automatically, as he usually did, to rekindle the fire. Mountain lions were not uncommon in that rugged territory, but about midnight, he was shaken from his slumber in a frenzy of fear. And before he could utter more than, "What's going on?" he was knocked unconscious by a brutal blow to the back of the head.

Groggily, Lee swam out of his haze. When he was able to focus, he peered quietly around the cavernous room. It was hewn out of rock and sparsely furnished. Near the desk, one of the furnishings moved, Lee watched the little man approach him curiously. "You stumbled and had a bad fall, Mr. McCarthy," he said in a quiet voice, "You've fallen a long way down, I'm afraid you'll never climb up again." And he chuckled without humor. Behind him, the door opened and he turned to greet two visitors. Lee, struck with terror at the possible meaning of his words, tried to get up. He realized that he was tied, hand and foot. The little man spoke without turning back to him. "You're tied securely, Mr. McCarthy," he said. "Don't entertain any thought of escape." Lee sank back, resignedly. The visitors paid him no heed, their business was with the little man, who was Professor Pranov. And the business they discussed froze Lee to the core. They were important citizens talking to a representative of an aggressor nation. This was a mountain storehouse for radioactive explosives to be used in an attack on the country from within. The plan was to go into action within a few hours. The bombs would go out to specified parts of the country to be set off simultaneously.

When the visitors left, Professor Pranov turned to Lee. "You see, it wouldn't do you any good if we released you. By the time you reached home, the country would be devastated, that is," he paused significantly, "if you reached home." And then he went on, explaining the complexities

of his plan, and the end results. He walked over to a small control board on the wall and reached up towards a lever. "I'll pull this handle in a few hours, just before I leave. It's a timing device that will later blow up our underground hideaway. By then the bomb shipments will be out and there will be no further need for this place.

By this time, Pranov was carried away by his own words. He stopped at the foot of Lee's cot, his eyes on the ceiling as he prophesied his country's conquest of the world. Lee didn't hesitate, he drew his knees up and catapulted into the air, hitting the Professor a mighty blow in the chest with his feet and sending him smashing against the rock wall, out cold. He rolled off the cot and wriggled his way to the desk. After intricate maneuverings, he got a drawer opened. His belongings lay there, the sheath knife on the top. It took time to brace it to cut his wrist bindings. Lee then tied and gagged the Professor and donned his white laboratory coat. They were, Lee mused, about the same size, and though the Professor's thick glasses almost blinded him, he put them on and ruffled up his hair in an effort to look like the world conqueror. A quick study of the control panel was all he needed. He set the timing device for a scant hour. And then tried to look calm as he left the room. A guard patrolled the end of the corridor. He didn't give Lee a second glance. Lee walked, as Pranov had, his hands behind his back, moving slowly. It seemed like hours until he located the elevator, though it was actually a matter of minutes. The sleepy guard at the exit became the victim of a sharp blow on the head. Lee did this with relish.

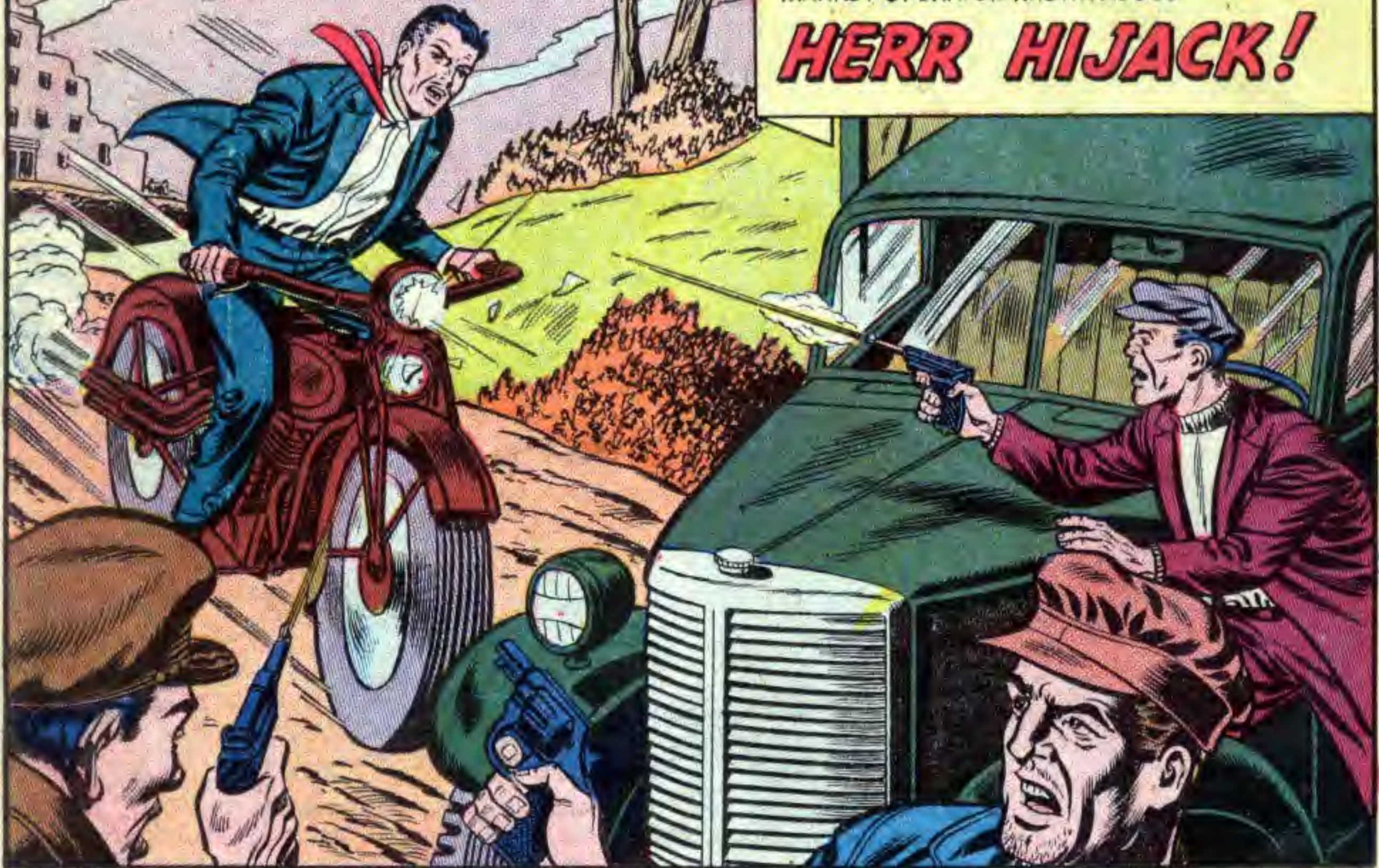
At the top, Lee jammed the elevator door open with a large rock, it would delay escape, in case the Professor was discovered. Lee's watch told him he had forty minutes. Only forty minutes between Lee McCarthy and eternity. He ran, the high altitude biting at his lungs. The cold moon lit his way as he ran . . . ran . . . ran. When there was one minute to go, Lee was panting in the middle of a flat plateau. He remembered the spot, no cover anywhere nearby. He fell to the ground, and covered his head with his arms. The world-shattering explosion came off on time. Then the land slides began. Lee struggled to his feet and ran on through the hail of rock that pelted all about him. Behind him rose the mushroom cloud.

They found Lee McCarthy exhausted and lost, four days later. He was miles from the scene of the explosion that was felt around the world. His friends at the Geologists' Club laughed at Lee's story, as they had always done. But he got through to the right people in the capital and then suddenly stopped talking about his last geology trip. It had become TOP SECRET.

T-MAN

SOMEWHERE IN WAR-RAVAGED BERLIN, T-MAN PETE TRASK, SEARCHED FOR A TAX EVADER... AND INSTEAD FOUND A CASE TO TAX HIS COURAGE! YES, HE FOUND AMERICAN CRIME WITH A GERMAN ACCENT AS HE TACKLED THE NOTORIOUS BLACK MARKET OPERATOR KNOWN AS...

HERR HIJACK!



THE CASE ACTUALLY BEGAN WHEN PETE TRASK WAS GIVEN WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS JUST ANOTHER ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT!

PETE, THIS IS JOHAN VON SPADEN... ALIAS JACK SPADE! ORIGINALLY GERMAN... NOW A NATURALIZED AMERICAN CITIZEN!

WE'VE MET! BIG SHOT GAMBLER... OWES THE U.S. A STACK OF BACK TAXES!



VON SPADEN'S RUN OUT ON US... TO BERLIN! YOU'RE TO GO OVER THERE AND COLLECT THAT MONEY... OR HIM!

WHO KNOWS? MAYBE I'LL BRING BACK BOTH!



MEANWHILE! GERMANY... A TRUCK LADEN WITH AMERICAN CIGARETTES CRASHED HEADLONG INTO A BLOCKADE!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

SCHNELL! QUICKLY!

THE BOSS WILL BE PLEASED, EH? AMERICAN CIGARETTES FETCH BIG MONEY ON THE BLACK MARKET!

JA! NOW I WILL PLACE THE BOSS' "CALLING CARD" ON THE TRUCK!



THE TRADEMARK OF THE BOSS... HERR HIJACK!



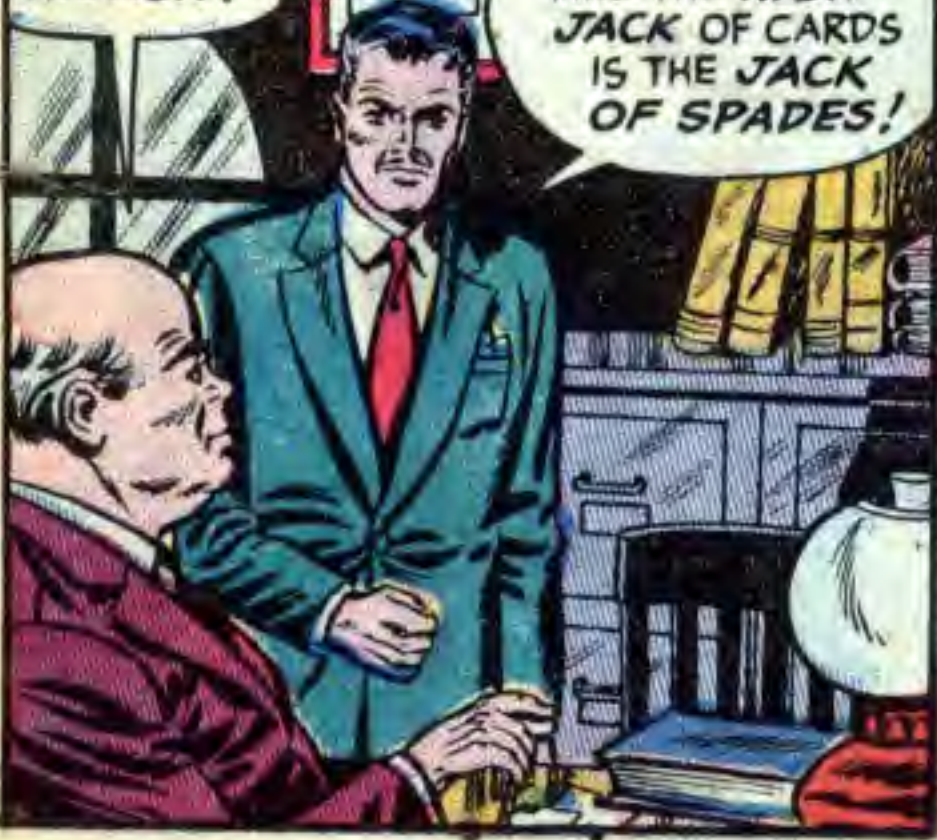
SO IT BEGAN, A SERIES OF HIGHWAY PIRACIES OF AMERICAN GOODS BY THE GERMAN MASTER-MIND CALLED HERR HIJACK!



THEN TROUBLE-SHOOTING PETE TRASK ENTERED THE CASE...

SO, HERR TRASK, YOU ALSO THINK AS I DO... THAT JOHAN VON SPADEN IS HERR HIJACK?

IT ADDS UP THAT WAY! "HIJACK" IS AN AMERICAN GANGSTER EXPRESSION! AND THE HIGH JACK OF CARDS IS THE JACK OF SPADES!



ACH! IF ONLY WE HAD SOME CLUE TO HERR HIJACK'S WHEREABOUTS...

YOU'RE OVERLOOKING THE OBVIOUS! HE ALWAYS LEFT A CLUE BEHIND... HIS CALLING CARD!



SO FAR HE'S PULLED TWENTY HIJACKINGS... AND TO LEAVE HIS CALLING CARDS HE HAD TO USE A JACK FROM TWENTY DECKS OF CARDS! GET IT NOW!





I-I'M SORRY, BUT WHEN I REALIZED **HERR HIJACK'S** MEN WERE TRYING TO KILL ME, I GOT SO FRIGHTENED!

WHO WOULDN'T? NOW... YOU POINT OUT HIS PLACE AND I'LL TRY TO PUT HIM OUT OF CIRCULATION!

FRAULEIN KAMP SWIFTLY LED THE WAY TO A BROWNSTONE HOUSE NEARBY...

ACH! WE ARE TOO LATE! HE HAS ALREADY FLED!

YEAH... A CAGEY GUY! HE MUST'VE MOVED OUT EVEN BEFORE HE ORDERED HIS MEN AFTER YOU!

HERR TRASK! LOOK... I'VE FOUND SOMETHING IMPORTANT!

AND HOW! IN HIS HURRY, **HERR HIJACK** LEFT BEHIND PLANS OF A HIGHWAY JOB HE INTENDS TO PULL TO-NIGHT!

LATER... HEADQUARTERS!

AS YOU SAY, HERR TRASK, WE COULD TRAP THE HIGHWAY PIRATES, BUT IT STILL WOULD NOT GET US THEIR LEADER!

INSPECTOR, WHAT IF HERR TRASK COULD HIDE IN AN EMPTY WOODEN CARTON ON THE TRUCK TO BE HIJACKED...?

SURE! THEY'D RIDE ME RIGHT INTO THEIR HIDEOUT! ILSA, YOU DESERVE A KISS FOR THAT PLAN!

IF IT WORKS, HERR TRASK, PERHAPS THEN WE SHALL DISCUSS IT FURTHER!

HA! HA!

HALT! PUT YOUR HANDS UP AND YOU MAY LIVE!

NEXT, THEY'LL MOVE ME ONTO THEIR OWN TRUCK! SO FAR SO GOOD!

THAT NIGHT, AS ANTICIPATED, FROM WITHIN AN EMPTY CASE, PETE TRASK HEARD THE HIJACKERS STRIKE AS SCHEDULED!

THEN, A LONG TRUCK RIDE TO THEIR DESTINATION! AND FINALLY, WHEN TRASK FELT IT WAS SAFE, HE POKED HIS HEAD OUT...

UHHHH!

AMERIKANER PIG! DID YOU THINK WE DID NOT KNOW YOU WERE IN THERE?

LATER... THE PAINFUL RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE BITTER KNOWLEDGE OF DEFEAT!

BUNGLED IT! EVERYTHING WENT WRONG!

WELL - WELL! SO THEY GOT THE GREAT PETE TRASK, TOO!



JOHAN VON SPADEN! JACK SPADE... A PRISONER! BUT... I THOUGHT YOU WERE HERR HIJACK!



NO! I AM "HERR" HIJACK!

ILSA!



YEAH, TRASK... HER BLACK MARKET MOB SNATCHED ME AND USED MY REPUTATION AS A COVERUP!

EXACTLY! THE POLICE LOOK FOR JACK SPADE... A MAN! THEY'D NEVER GUESS HERR HIJACK IS A WOMAN!



AND WHEN YOU CAME INTO THE SCENE, HERR TRASK, I STAGED THINGS SO YOU, TOO, BECAME PART OF MY PLOT TO DELUDE THE POLICE!

A T-MAN AND A CROOK... BOTH USED AS FALL GUYS! BUT YOU CAN'T OUTFRIN THE LAW FOREVER, FRAULEIN HIJACK!



TONIGHT, AFTER ONE MORE JOB, I WILL RETIRE... WEALTHY AND UNSUSPECTED! THE POLICE WILL FIND YOUR BODIES LATER... AND THINK YOU AND SPADE KILLED EACH OTHER! CASE CLOSED!



BEFORE YOU GO... GRANT A CONDEMNED MAN'S LAST REQUEST! LOOSEN MY HANDS SO I CAN PLAY SOME SOLITAIRE!

VERY WELL! YOU STAY HERE... AND GUARD HIM... CAREFULLY!

JA! JA!









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We Start You FREE—Don't Invest One Cent!**

MAKE BIG MONEY WITH FAST-SELLING WARM MASON LEATHER JACKETS

Rush Coupon for FREE Selling Outfit!

NOW IT'S EASY to make BIG MONEY in a profit-making, spare-time business! As our man in your community, you feature Mason's fast-selling Horsehide, Capeskin, Suede and other fine leather jackets — nationally known for smart styling, rugged wear, wonderful warmth. Start by selling to friends and fellow workers. Think of all the outdoor workers around your own home who will be delighted to buy these fine jackets direct from you: truck drivers, milkmen, cab drivers, postmen, gas station, construction, and railroad men—hundreds right in your own community! You'll be amazed how quickly business grows. And no wonder!—You offer these splendid jackets at low money-saving prices people can afford! Our top-notch men find it's easy to make up to \$10.00 a day EXTRA income!

SHOE AND LEATHER JACKET ARE BOTH
LINED WITH WARM SHEEPSKIN!

Be the first to sell men who work outdoors this perfect combination!—Non-scuff, warm Horsehide leather jacket lined with wooly Sheepskin, and new Horsehide work shoe also warmly lined with fleecy Sheepskin and made with oil-resisting soles and leather storm welt!

Even MORE Profits with Special-Feature Shoes

Take orders for Nationally-advertised, Velvet-eez Air-Cushion Shoes in 150 dress, sport, work styles for men and women. Air-Cushion Inner-sole gives wonderful feeling of "walking on air" all day long. As the Mason man in your town, you actually feature more shoes in a greater range of sizes and widths than the largest store in town! And at low, direct-from-factory prices! It's easy to fit customers in the style they want — they keep re-ordering, too — put dollars and dollars into your pocket! Join the exceptional men who make up to \$200 extra a month and get their family's shoes and garments at wholesale prices!

Send for FREE SELLING OUTFIT Today!

Mail the coupon today — I'll rush your powerful Free Jacket and Shoe Selling Outfit including 10-second Air-Cushion Demonstrator, and EVERYTHING you need to start building a steady, BIG MONEY, repeat-order business, as thousands of others have done with Mason!

These Special Features Help You Make Money From First Hour!

... Men really go for these warm Mason jackets of long-lasting Pony Horsehide leather, fine Cape-skin leather, soft luxurious Suede leather. You can even take orders for Nylon, Gabardine, 100% Wool, Satin-faced Twill jackets, men's raincoats, too! And just look at these EXTRA features that make Mason jackets so easy to sell:

- Warm, cozy linings of real Sheepskin...nature's own protection against cold!
- Quilted and rayon linings!
- Laskin Lamb waterproof, non-matting fur collars!
- Knitted wristlets!
- Especially-treated leathers that do not scuff or peel!
- Zipper Fronts!
- Extra-large pockets!
- Variety of colors for every taste: brown, black, green, grey, tan, blue!

MASON SHOE MFG CO.
DEPT. MA 433
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT!

Mr. Ned Mason, Dept. MA 433
MASON SHOE MFG. COMPANY,
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

You bet I want to start my own extra-income business! Please rush FREE and postpaid my Powerful Selling Outfit—featuring fast-selling Mason Jackets, Air-Cushion Shoes, other fast-selling specialties—so I can start making BIG MONEY right away!

Name _____

Address _____ AGE _____

Town _____ State _____